

# 2PAC



**all eyez on me**

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ambitionz Az A Ridah"

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me  
But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble!

Now, you know how we do it, like a G  
What really go on in the mind of a nigga  
that get down for theirs  
Constantly, money over bitches  
Not bitches over money  
Stay on your grind, nigga  
My ambitions as a ridah  
My ambitions as a ridah

So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars  
This life as a rap star is nothing without guard  
Was born rough and rugged, addressing the mass public  
My attitude was "fuck it," because motherfuckers love it  
To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease  
Though life is complicated, only what you make it to be  
Uh, and my ambitions as a ridah  
To catch her while she hot and horny, go up inside her  
Then I spit some game in her ear, "Go to the telly, hoe!"  
Equipped with money in a Benz 'cause, bitch, I'm barely broke  
I'm smokin' bomb-ass weed, feeling crucial  
From player to player the game's tight, the feeling's mutual  
From hustlin' and prayers  
To breaking motherfuckers to pay up  
I got no time for these bitches, 'cause these hoes try to play us  
I'm on a meal ticket mission, want a mill, so I'm wishin'  
Competition got me ripped on that bullshit they stressin'  
I'ma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory  
No guts, no glory, my nigga, bitch got the game distorted  
Now it's on and it's on because I said so  
Can't trust a bitch in the business so I got with Death Row  
Now these money-hungry bitches gettin' suspicious  
Started plottin' and plannin' on schemes to come and trick us  
But thug niggas be on point and game tight  
Me, Syke and Bogart strapped up the same night  
Got problems, then handle it, motherfuckers see me  
These niggas is jealous  
'Cause deep in they heart they wanna be me  
Uh, yeah, and now you got me right beside ya  
Hopin' you listen, I catch you payin' attention  
To my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me

But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble

Peep it, it was my only wish to rise  
Above these jealous coward motherfuckers I despise  
When it's time to ride  
I was the first off this side, give me the 9  
I'm ready to die right here tonight and motherfuck they life  
That's what they screaming as they drill me  
But I'm hard to kill (that's all you niggas got?)  
So open fire, I see you kill me, witness my steel  
Spittin' at adversaries, envious and after me  
I'd rather die before they capture me, watch me bleed  
Mama, come rescue me, I'm suicidal, thinking thoughts  
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flyin' when I'm caught  
(Shoot!) Fuck doin' jail time, better day, sacrificin'  
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga Tyson  
Thuggin' for life, and if you right, then nigga die for it  
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it  
When it's time to die, to be a man  
And pick the way you leave  
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me  
But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble

My murderous lyrics  
Equipped with spirits of the thugs before me  
Pay off the block, evade the cops  
'Cause I know they coming for me  
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years  
Now I'm back, my adversaries been reduced to tears  
Question my methods to switch up speeds  
Sure as some bitches bleed  
Niggas'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed  
Blast me, but they didn't finish, (buck buck buck buck buck)  
didn't diminish my powers  
So now I'm back to be a motherfuckin' menace, they cowards  
That's why they tried to set me up  
Had bitch ass niggas on my team, so indeed they wet me up  
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated  
At the time I contemplate the way that God made it  
Lace 'em with lyrics that's legendary, musical mercenary  
For money I'll have these motherfuckers buried  
I been gettin' much mail in jail, niggas tellin' me to kill it  
Knowin' when I get out, they gon' feel it  
Witness the realest! A hoo-ridah when I put the shit inside  
the cry from all your people when they find her  
Just remind ya, my history'll prove authentic  
Revenge on them niggas that played me  
And all the cowards that was down with it  
Now it's your nigga right beside ya, hopin' you listenin'  
Catch you payin' attention to my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah  
You don't wanna fuck with me  
Got the police bustin' at me  
But they can't do nothin' to a G  
Let's get ready to rumble

Thanks to benmarining, forcefedzx for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmar Drew Arnaud

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "All Bout U"

(feat. Dru Down, Nate Dogg, Outlawz, Snoop Dogg)

[2Pac (Dru Down):]

Ah, yeah! Hahaha (Yeah!)

It's all about you, one time!

(I'ma say it's all about you, baby, yeah!)

Haha, for the bitches that think it's all about you

It's all about you! (This Dru Down in the house

With my boy 'Pizznac, you know what I'm sayin'?)

It's all about you

(Yeah, I'm gon' say it's all about you

But you know I'm lyin' though, hah! Yeah)

[2Pac:]

You probably crooked as the last trick

Want to laugh about how I got my ass caught up

With this bad bitch?

Thinkin' I had her, but she had me in the long run

It's just my luck, I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one

Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'

Scandalous times, this game's like my religion

You could be rollin' with a thug

Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love

In every club, I see you starin' like you want it

Well, baby, if you got it, better flaunt it

Let the liquor help you get up on it

I'm still tipsy from last night

Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life

I try to holla, but you tell me you taken

Sayin' you ain't impressed with the money I'm makin'

Guess it's true what they tellin' me

Fresh out of jail, life's hell for a black celebrity

So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you with it

Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?

Addicted to the things you do

But still true what I'm sayin', boo, 'cause this is all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all about you)

No matter where I go, I see the same ho

(Yeah, nigga)

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all about you)

No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[2Pac:]

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know

I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave

Nobody loves me, I'm a thug nigga

I only hung out with the criminals and drug dealers

I love niggas, 'cause we comin' from the same place  
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick the game takes  
How can I tell her I'm a playa? And I don't even care  
Creep low, weed smoke's in the air  
Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes  
Waitin' for niggas at the end of every show  
I just seen you in my friend's video  
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go  
Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through  
It's all about you, yeah, nigga, it's all about you

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]*  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
(Yeah, nigga)  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

*[Hussein Fatal:]*  
Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?  
It ain't about you or your bitch-ass crew  
Every other city we go and every video  
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty ho  
You think it's all about you? Well, boo  
I gets down like Dru, and my nasty new niggas, too

*[Yaki Kadaifi:]*  
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track  
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff  
When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swell  
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll  
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next  
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

*[Hussein Fatal:]*  
I slide in easily, try a grizzly  
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me  
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya  
At the most, I fucked a bitch  
From the West Coast to West Virginia

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]*  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
Every other city we go, every other video  
(It's all about you)  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho  
Every other city we go, every other video  
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

*[Snoop Doggy Dogg:]*

I'm tellin' ya, it's the same old shit

I mean, goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?

I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video

I see the same bitch who was in my homeboy Nate Dogg video

Then I flip the channel

I'm checkin' out my homeboy 2Pac video

I see the same bitch that was in my video, you knahmsayin'?

And then, you nahmsayin', what make that even mo' fucked up

I'm watchin' a Million Man March

And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March

That was in the homeboy Warren G video

I mean, damn, everywhere I look

Everywhere I go, I see the same ho'

Don't get mad, I'm only bein' real, yeah

Thanks to d2pwned, andrew\_tibbo for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Skandalouz"

(feat. Nate Dogg)

[2Pac:]

Hey Nate you know you got to focus on this motherfucker

We's gonna talk about these scandalous hoes

[Nate:]

I can talk about scandalous bitches

[2Pac:]

Oh I know you can!

I know you that's why we gonna do it

Daz on the beat

Hey Daz, nigga stop fuckin around with the piano nigga

Just drop that shit like uh, this here

[2Pac:]

I met you through my homie now you act like you don't know me

So disappointed cause baby that shit was so phony

It's not for me, you see no lovin from my closest homies

Woulda paid you no mind, but baby you was all up on me

While you proceed with precision, you had the table hosed

No, I ain't mad at you baby, go 'head and play them fools

They chose not to listen, so now he stuck inside his house

And can't leave without his bitch permission

The mission's to be a playa, my alias is Boss

Drop a top on these jealous niggaz, playa let me floss

Y'all don't wanna see me in pain

I'll leave that ass like Toni Braxton, "Never breathing again"

It's scandalous, I never liked your back stabbin ass, trick

Used to watch you money grabbin, who you baggin beeyitch?

Ready to bust, in the city you don't know who to trust

But bitches lookin scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]

How's it hangin? Cause baby from the back the shit is bangin

I've been stressin in this ghetto game, tryin to do my thang

Won't be no bullshit, no ass-kissin

This bitch'll have ya wakin up with all your cash missin

I'm askin, as if I'm qualified to analyze

You're lookin at a bitch who specialize in tellin lies

She got a body make a motherfucker fantasize

Her face ain't never shed a tear through them scandalous eyes

My sister precious in poverty

Plus I knew she was a freak bitch so why should it bother me?

I'd probably be sprung, addicted to the heat of her tongue

And though I don't where we're goin, she's makin me come

I've been trained as a boss playa, so what you sayin?  
Let me show you, got some hookers we can toss later  
    Before I let her get me, I got her  
    Went in her purse took a hundred dollars  
    Nigga I'm so scandalous

*[Nate Dogg:]*  
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
    Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

*[2Pac:]*  
Dangerous and ambitious, while schemin on gettin riches  
I'm spittin at tricks cause I'm addicted to pretty bitches  
    Currency motivated, not easily terminated  
Now that we made it, my niggaz can never be faded  
    This is my prophecy -- I gotta be paid  
All you cowards that try to stop me is beggin for early graves  
I thought we was cool, I was a fool, thinkin you could be true  
    When I don't fuck with your punk crew  
These are the tales for my niggaz doin time in the cell  
    I went from hell, to livin well  
    Bustin at niggaz who said my name in vain  
I got no time for them tricks, I'm heavy in the game  
    I wanna be a baller, please  
But the bitches and the liquor keep on callin me  
I'm floatin free on the highway, formulatin plans  
Can't wait til I see L.A., cause it's so scandalous

*[Nate Dogg:]*  
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
    Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

*[Nate Dogg repeats to end (2Pac speaks over):]*  
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
    Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous  
(Aiyyo. How the prettiest bitch be the more scandalous the hoe be  
    You ever peep that shit? (Nah)  
A bitch can be like fifteen, fuckin with a nigga 35  
    Gettin him for ends  
Hoes these days is way too motherfuckin intelligent  
When these niggaz get to trickin, hahaha, it's over then  
    That's aight though  
Keep a nigga heavy in the game, bout so long  
    Watch them hoes  
    All you niggaz out there  
Beware these lyin ass scandalous bitches)



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Got My Mind Made Up"

(feat. Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman)

*[Daz Dillinger:]*

You find an MC like me who's strong  
Leavin' motherfuckers aborted with no verbal support  
And when I command the microphone I get deadly as Khan though  
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm all those  
Who can withstand the more power I gain  
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck your brain  
Imagine and keep on wishin' upon a star  
Finally realizin' who the fuck we are  
When I penetrate, it's been withstandin', faded  
Would it be the greatest MC of all time when I created rhyme  
For the simple fact, when I attack, I crush your pride  
My intention to ride, every time on lye  
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar  
For me to put down my guard, I'm faced what I'ma ride  
Breakin' in gas with the '68 all day  
In-and-out with my pay, I'm soon to count the bodies

*[2Pac:]*

So mandatory my elevation, my lyrics like orientation  
So you can be more familiar with the nigga you facin'  
We must be patient, nothin' better than communication  
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations  
Sorry I left that ass waitin'  
No more procrastination, give up to fate and get that ass shakin'  
I'm bustin' and makin' motherfuckers panic  
Don't take your life for granted  
Put that ass in the dirt, you swear the bitch was planted  
My lyrics motivate the planet  
It's similar to Rhythm Nation, but thugged out, forgive me, Janet  
Who's in control, I'm activatin' your souls  
You know the way the games get controlled  
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine  
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind  
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin' rhyme I wrote  
Takin' off my coat, clearin' my throat

*[Method Man:]*

I got my mind made up, come on  
Get in, get into  
Let it ride, tonight's the night  
I got my mind made up, come on  
Get in, get into  
Let it ride, tonight's the night

*[Kurupt:]*

Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophylactics  
For protection so my fuckin' sac won't collapse  
Cause nowadays, shit's evadin' the X-rays

Sendin' young motherfuckers to an early grave  
I wonder if my terrorifyin' tactics of torturin' MC's  
Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra  
Electrifyin' like thunder, I'm just too much  
Rough and raw with that motherfuckin' poisonous touch  
I'm an, MC with lyrics that's the fuckin' Bombay  
You got ten steps before instant death like Bai Mei  
My rhymes'll leave a mark on your mind  
As the deadly virus spread through your head like Sand Palm  
There's no escape, nah, I ain't blastin'  
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin"  
Opposed to laughin', raw maniacal villain  
Laughter enhances the chances of the killin'  
Why is that? Cause smilin' faces deceive  
You best believe: to MC's, I'm the deadliest disease  
My thoughts rip your throat and make it hard to breathe  
Your whole camp's under siege and I'm Jason Voorhees  
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mics  
My verbal snipe your vocabs on site  
I'm out the cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all  
So all my rhymes hit and split the bricks on the wall  
You already have an idea about the superior sphere  
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of the equator  
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back  
To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps  
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact  
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat

*[Method Man:]*

Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks, I makes manoeuvres  
Like Hitler, stickin' up Jews with German Lugers  
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle  
Will be back after this message, don't touch the dial  
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice  
Got my gun powder and my musket, blaow  
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellan  
Half of my Clan's repeat felons  
Niggas best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel  
Man, I stay on point like icicles  
Now who wanna test Tical, then touch Tical  
All up in your motherfuckin' mouth  
Headbanger boogie, catch me on tour with Al Doogie  
Method Man rolled too tight, you can't pull me  
Better take one and pass or that's that ass  
Your vital statistics are low and fallin' fast  
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash  
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast

*[Redman:]*

Lyrical gats spittin' the criminal tactics  
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards  
Let's face it, there's no replacement  
Taste this mad underground basement shit I'm laced with  
Avalanche on your whole camp when I'm spliffted  
Funk Doctor who, Spock, bitch, don't get it twisted  
I got connects like Federal Express

To get the fresh package of bless the dogs can't fetch  
Got the clear spot from the rear block  
To bust 'til every nigga here drop, men I fear not  
Hold your nose and blow out 'til your ears pop  
Since your crew suit you to shift, now you claim that your gears locked  
Whiff this underground cannabis  
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst  
Flip MC's like ki's  
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's  
Lick off a shot and hit your fam by mistake  
So I erase the whole front row at the wake  
I planned my escape in case Jake wann' snake bust it  
I'm the one pushin' the hearse in the first place  
Confidence for you shaky-ass folks  
Pump for Rockafeller for the day he got smoked  
Choke off this antidote, got you ope  
Get roast by my lyrical Billy Dee .45 Colt  
And I'm out for 9-nickel

*[\*in the background\*]*

*[INS the rebel]*

Thanks to grillo\_stylee, David for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Ricardo Emmanuel Brown

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "How Do You Want It"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

*[K-Ci & JoJo:]*

How do you want it?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

How do you want it yeah?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

*[2Pac:]*

I love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out

Got a brother wantin' it so bad, I'm about to pass out

Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it

Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it

Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin'

Body talkin' shit to me but I can't comprehend the meanin'

Now, if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance

Doin' eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can

Forgive me I'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man

All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man

Mr. International, player with the passport

Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for

It's either him or me - Champagne, Hennessy

A favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies

Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a ho need

Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need

Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long day

But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way

Your body is bangin' baby I love it when you flaunt it

Time to give it to daddy, nigga, now tell me how you want it

*[K-Ci & JoJo:]*

How do you want it?

How does it feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane

I'm for real

How do you want it?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane

I'm for real

*[2Pac:]*

Tell me is it cool to fuck?

Did you think I come to talk?

Am I a fool or what?

Positions on the floor

It's like erotic  
Ironic, cause I'm somewhat psychotic  
I'm hittin" switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics  
Up and down like a roller coaster  
I'm up inside ya, I ain't quittin' 'til the show is over  
Cause I'm a rider, in and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak and let you get on top of me  
Get her rockin' these  
Nights full of Alize  
A livin' legend you ain't heard about  
These niggas play these Cali days  
C. Delores Tucker, you's a motherfucker  
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga you destroy a brother  
Worse than the others; Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole  
You're too old to understand the way the game's told  
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts  
Once I'm released, I'm makin' millions, nigga, top that  
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell  
Livin' in hell - only a few of us'll live to tell  
Now everybody talkin' about us I could give a fuck  
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss  
Nigga, tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

[2Pac:]  
Raised as a youth  
Tell the truth, I got the scoop  
On how to get a bulletproof  
Cause I jumped from the roof  
'fore I was a teenager, mobile phone, Skypager  
Game rules, I'm livin' major - my adversaries  
Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried  
One of us gonna see the cemetery  
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive  
Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die  
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million  
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all  
These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me  
Media is in my business and they actin' like they know me  
But I'ma mash out and peel out  
I'm with a clique that's quick to whip that fuckin' steel out  
Yeah nigga, it's some new shit so better get up on it  
When you see me, tell a nigga how you want it  
How do you want it?

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

*[2Pac:]*  
Me and my Nigga Johnny J... yeah we out

*[K-Ci & JoJo:]*  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

*[K-Ci & JoJo:]*  
How do you want it?  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane  
I'm for real

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted"

(feat. Snoop Doggy Dogg)

*[2Pac:]*

Up out of there

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

Eh, light that up, Snoop! Why you actin like that?

Ah shit, you done fucked up now

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

You done put two of America's most wanted in the same motherfuckin' place at the same motherfuckin' time

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

Y'all niggas about to feel this

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

Break out the Champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms, have one on us, a'ight?

(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

*[Snoop Dogg:]*

A toast to the gangsters

*[2Pac:]*

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture

Bomb the hoochies with precision

My intention's to get richer

With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg, my fuckin' homie

You's a cold-ass nigga on them hogs

*[Snoop Dogg:]*

Sho 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun

'Cause they got me on the run

Now I'm back in the courtroom, waitin' on the outcome

"Free 2Pac" is all that's on a nigga's mind

But at the same time, it seems they tryin' to take mine

So I'ma get smart and get defensive and shit

And put together a Million March for some gangsta shit

*[2Pac:]*

So now they got us laced

Two multi-millionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases

Bitches get ready for the throw down

The shit's about to go down

Me and Snoop about to clown

I'm losin' my religion

I'm vicious on these stool pigeons

You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'

Niggas be actin' like they savage

They out to get the cabbage

I've got nothin' but love for my niggas livin' lavish

*[Snoop Dogg:]*

I've got a pit named Petey, she Nigerina

I've got a house out in the hills right next to Chino

And I think I've got a black Bimmer

But my dream's to own a fly casino  
Like Bugsy Siegel, and do it all legal  
And get scooped up by the little homie in the Regal  
It feels good to you, baby-bubba  
You see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

*[2Pac:]*

Now follow as we ride  
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side  
And I can make you famous  
Niggas been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?  
I live in fear of a felony  
I never stop bailin' these motherfuckin' G's  
If you got it, better flaunt it  
Another warrant for two of America's most wanted

*[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]*

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

*[2Pac:]*

Now give me fifty feet  
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets  
And keep whatever's left of me  
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief  
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck with me  
I bust and flee, these niggas must be crazy, what?  
There ain't no mercy, motherfuckers who can't fade the thugs  
You thought it was, but it wasn't, now disappear  
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

*[Snoop Dogg:]*

It's like Cuz/Blood gang-bangin'  
Everybody in the party doin' dope-slangin'  
You gotta have papers in this world  
You might get your first snatch before your eyes swirl  
You doin' your job every day  
And then you work so hard 'til your hair turns gray  
Let me tell you about life and about the way it is  
You see, we live by the gun, so we die by the guns, kids

*[2Pac:]*

They tell me not to roll with my glock  
So now I got a throw-away  
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day  
They wonder how I live with five shots  
Niggas is hard to kill on my block  
Schemes for currency and dough-related

Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it  
No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it  
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

*[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]*

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)  
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

*[2Pac:]*

Biatch! Where you at? Where you at?  
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party  
Yeah, Death Row

Writer(s): Calvin C. Broadus, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "No More Pain"

Hey DeVante

Nigga, don'tcha know we're gonna sow up every bitch in the country

Me and you, up in the same motherfuckin' room

On the same level

This shit here, hahahaha

Please, no more pain

That's right nigga

Hey drop that shit boy

My adversaries cry like hoes fully eradicate my foes

My lyrics explode on contact, gamin' you hoes

Who else but Mama's only son, fuck the phony niggas I'm the one

Say my name, watch bitches come

Now fire when ready, stay watchin' our figure

Increase speed, make you motherfuckers bleed from your mouth quicker

Plus all these niggas that you run with, be on some dumb shit

Trickin' on hoes, I ain't the one bitch

Holla my name and witness game official, it's so sick

Have every single bitch that came withchu, on my dick

Plus this alcohol increases the chance to be deceased

I'm movin' you stupid bitches, vicious telekinesis

Am I reachin' your brain? Nigga how can I explain?

How vicious this Thug motherfucker came

When I die, I want to be a living legend, say my name

Affiliated with this motherfuckin' game, with no more pain

*[Interpretation of Method Man's "Bring the Pain":]*

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

Line up my adversaries, blast on sight

And fuck your boyfriend bitch, I want some ass tonight You know my steelo, Alize and Cristal, weed

Sure you heard of all the freaky shit they say about me, huh

Plus all you busters is jealous, pull your gun out and blast

I dare you niggas to open fire, I'll murder that ass

And disappear before the, cops come runnin'

My Glock's spittin' rounds, niggas fallin' down clutchin' they stomach

It's Westside, Death Row, Thug niggas on the rise

Busters shot me five times, real niggas don't die

Can ya hear me?, laced with this game, I know you fear me

Spit the secret to war, so cowards fear me

My only fear of death is reincarnation

Heart of a soldier with a brain to teach your whole nation

And feelin' no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane (yeah nigga, no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (what, what nigga)  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (no pain nigga)  
Let's go inside my astral plane (no pain)

Bury me that's what they all say  
It's time to make a killin', sure to make a million with DeVante  
Bitch I know you want me, what your mouth say?, now, watch your eyes  
You don't wanna get with me, that's a lie  
I got my hands on your hips, no time to bullshit  
Freaky bitch, come give me kiss  
Tell them niggas from other areas, brothers from here  
So obsessed with this money makin' it ain't nothin' we fear  
Now they label me a troublemaker, cause I'm a ridah  
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya  
Mama made me rugged, Baptize the public  
Now you all thugs, nigga don't you love it  
It's similar to multiple gunshots, retaliation is a must  
Wasn't too sure what you facin' so watch the guns bust  
You niggas'll bleed, fuckin' with me you'll be deceased  
Never restin' in peace, nigga  
With no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane

*[Collision:]*  
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga, yeah! Hahahaha  
No more pain  
It's just like that nigga, like that yeah  
No more pain  
Motherfuckers can't handle that shit  
Much too much for these bitches  
No more pain  
Feel me nigga? Feel me?  
How you figure you can fuck with me?  
Fully automatic type shit  
No more pain  
Coward ass niggas, cowards  
Come put your mouth on this pistol nigga  
Come put your mouth on the pistol, no more pain  
Close your eyes nigga, do it  
Die in the dark, no more pain

Death Row, so what you motherfuckers do?  
Hey that's DeVante droppin' that beat like that BEYATCH  
In case you wonderin'

And jealous niggas, hahaha, see y'all niggas  
Motherfuckin' niggas are shit  
Hey

*[Whispering in the background:]*  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane  
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain  
Let's go inside my astral plane

Westsiiide! Death to everybody that ain't down with me  
That's on, feel me? Hahaha  
Oh yeah, to the cowards, you know who you are, it's still Bad Boy Killa  
Just feel that, Thug Life, shit don't stop  
Fat motherfuckers got Downs Syndrome, motherfuckers  
Weak ass niggas, dancers turned fuckin' CEOs  
Put your mouth on this pistol nigga  
Put your mouth on the pistol!  
Hahahaha, yeah nigga no more pain  
Prison ain't changed me nigga, it made me worse  
Feel me nigga, haha  
No more pain  
Hey DeVante I'm givin' these motherfuckers choices  
Niggas can roll with us, or they can be rolled up under us  
That's on you nigga, what you wanna do?  
Last year we was lettin' these niggas kick up dust  
This year you motherfuckers gonna be dust  
Thug Life nigga Westsiiide!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Devante Smith, Robert F. Diggs, Clifford Smith

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Hearth Of Men"

Hey Suge, what I tell you, nigga  
When I come out of jail, what was I gonna do?  
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas' chest, right  
Watch this

Hey Quik, let me get them binoculars, nigga, the binoculars  
Hahahaha, yeah nigga, time to ride  
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga  
Cause it's gonna be a long one

Now me and Quik finna show you niggas what it's like on this side - the real side  
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real motherfuckers  
And there's gonna be some pussies

Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money and bitches  
The pussies are gonna be the niggas on the floor bleedin'  
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize cause the ride get tricky

See, you got some niggas on your side that say they're your friends, but in real life they your enemies  
And then you got some motherfuckers that say they your enemies  
But in real life they eyes is on your money  
See, the enemies will say they true  
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches  
It's a dirty game, y'all

Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with and who you don't fuck with  
Cause the shit get wild, y'all  
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby  
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1! It's an emergency, cowards tried to murder me  
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me  
Shit, I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed  
Nothing more I despise than a liar  
Cowards die

My mama told me when I was a seed  
Just a vicious motherfucker why these devils left me free  
I proceed to make them shiver  
When I deliver  
Criminal lyrics

From a world wide mob figure  
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli  
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, that's what they tell me  
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw  
Switching up on you ordinary bitches  
Like a southpaw you get left

And every breath I breathe until the moment I'm deceased  
Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'  
I rip the crowd, then I start again  
Eternally I live in sin

Until the moment that they let me breathe again  
The heartz of men

The hearts of men

My lyrical verse was so much pain, to some niggas it hurts  
My guns bust and, if you ain't one of us, it gets worse  
Bitch niggas get their eyes swell  
In fly mode  
I'm a homicidal outlaw  
And 5-0, get your lights on, the fight's on  
Tonight's gonna be a fucking fight  
So we might roll  
My own homies say I'm heartless  
But I'm a G to this til the day I'm gone, that's regardless  
Ride by, niggas bow down  
Thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well, nigga's out now  
Throw up your hands if you thugged out  
First nigga act up  
First nigga getting drugged out  
I can be a villain if ya let me  
But motherfucker if ya do upset me  
Tell the cops to come and get me  
Rip the crowd like a phone number  
Then start again, don't have no mutherfuckin' friends, nigga  
Look inside the hearts of men

In the hearts of men

To all my niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states  
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch  
No longer living in fear, my pistol close in hand  
Convinced this is my year, like I'm the chosen man  
Give me my money and label me as a don  
If niggas is having problems  
Smoke' em, fire and bomb  
I died and came back  
I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack  
Thugging is in my spirit  
I'm lost and not knowing  
Scared up, but still flowing  
Energized and still going  
Uh, can it be fate  
That makes a sick motherfucker break  
On these jealous ass coward cause they evil and fake  
What will it take ?  
Give me that bass line, I'm feeling bomb  
Death Row, baby, don't be alarmed  
The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start again  
Represent  
Cause I've been sent  
The hearts of men

Thanks to anthony wansor, vilpe85\_poker for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Collins William Earl, Haskins Clarence Eugene, Blake David Marvin, Nelson Prince Rogers, Worrell Bernard

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Life Goes On"

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

As I bail through the empty halls, breath stinkin' in my jaws  
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call  
Plus this my homie from high school, he's getting by  
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry  
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls  
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?  
Raised as G's, loc'ed out and blazed the weed  
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out and blaze with me  
2 in the morning and we still high assed out  
Screaming "thug till I die" before I passed out  
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone  
Thinking I don't wanna die all alone, but now ya gone  
And all I got left are stinkin' memories  
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy  
While trying to make it last  
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed  
Cause life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, and life goes on

Yeah nigga, I got the word is hell  
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L  
Time to prepare to do fed time, won't see parole  
Imagine life as a convict that's getting old  
Plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama  
Taken risks, while keeping cheap tricks from getting on her  
Life in the hood is all good for nobody  
Remember gaming on dumb hotties at yo' parties  
Me and you, no truer two  
While scheming on hits  
And getting tricks that maybe we can slide into  
But now you buried. Rest, nigga, cause I ain't worried  
Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery  
Though memories fade

I got your name tatted on my arm  
So we both ball till my dying days  
Before I say goodbye  
Kato and Mental rest in peace. Thug till I die!

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

Bury me smiling with G's in my pocket  
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it  
Let the hoes that I used to know  
From way before kiss me from my head to my toe  
Give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin  
A couple bottles of gin in case I don't get in  
Tell all my people I'm a Ridah  
Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws, let me ride  
Until I get free, I live my life in the fast lane  
Got police chasing me  
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews  
Niggas that guided me through back in the old school  
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies  
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before me  
And brothers, miss ya while your gone  
You left your nigga on his own. How long we mourn?  
Life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?

Life goes on homie  
Gone on, cause they passed away  
Niggas doing life, niggas doing 50 and 60 years and shit  
I feel ya, nigga. Trust me, I feel ya  
You know what I mean  
Last year we poured out liquor for ya  
This year nigga, life goes on  
We're gonna clock now

Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks, give playa haters plenty of space, and basically just represent for you  
baby

Next time you see your niggas, you're gonna be on top, nigga  
They're gonna be like, "Goddamn, them niggas came up"  
That's right, baby, life goes on and we up out this bitch  
Hey Kato, Mental

Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there man  
Don't front  
Life goes on  
Hold me no more hold me no more  
Yes it do yes it do yes it do

Thanks to pimp\_of\_da\_nati0n for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Banks Jefferson, Charles B. Simmons

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Only God Can Judge Me"

(feat. Rappin 4-Tay)

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me (that right?)

Only God can judge me now

Nobody else (nobody else)

All you other motherfuckers get out my business (really)

Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]

Perhaps I was blind to the facts, stabbed in the back  
I couldn't trust my own homies, just a bunch of dirty rats

Will I succeed? Paranoid from the weed

And hocus pocus, I try to focus, but I can't see

And in my mind I'm a blind man doin' time

Look to my future, 'cause my past is all behind me

Is it a crime to fight for what is mine?

Everybody's dyin', tell me what's the use of tryin'

I've been trapped since birth, cautious 'cause I'm cursed

And fantasies of my family in a hearse

And they say it's the white man I should fear

But it's my own kind doin' all the killin' here

I can't lie, ain't no love for the other side

Jealousy inside, make 'em wish I died

Oh my Lord, tell me what I'm livin' for

Everybody's droppin', got me knockin' on Heaven's door

And all my memories of seein' brothers bleed

And everybody grieves, but still nobody sees

Recollect your thoughts, don't get caught up in the mix

'Cause the media is full of dirty tricks

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me now

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me

Only God can judge me, only God

Only God can judge me

[Flatline]

[2Pac:]

I hear the doctor standin' over me, screamin' I can make it

Got a body full of bullet holes, layin' here naked

Still I can't breathe, something's evil in my IV

'Cause everytime I breathe I think they killin' me

I'm havin' nightmares, homicidal fantasies

I wake up stranglin', tangled in my bed sheets  
I call the nurse 'cause it hurts to reminisce  
How did it come to this? I wish they didn't miss  
Somebody help me, tell me where to go from here  
'Cause even thugs cry, but do the Lord care?  
Try to remember, but it hurts  
I'm walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to the dirt  
I'd rather die like a man than live like a coward  
There's a ghetto up in Heaven and it's ours  
"Black Power!" is what we scream  
As we dream in a paranoid state  
And our fate is a lifetime of hate  
Dear Mama, can you save me? And fuck peace  
'Cause the streets got our babies, we gotta eat  
No more hesitation, each and every black male's trapped  
And they wonder why we suicidal running 'round strapped  
Mr. Police, please try to see  
That there's a million motherfuckers stressin' just like me

*[2Pac:]*

Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me now

*[2Pac:]*

That which does not kill me can only make me stronger  
That's for real  
and I don't see why everybody feel as though  
that they gotta tell me how to live my life  
You know?  
Let me live, baby, let me live

*[Rappin' 4-Tay:]*

Pac, I feel ya, keep servin' it on the reala  
For instance, say a playa hatin' mark is out to kill ya  
Would you be wrong for buckin' a nigga to the pavement?  
He gon' get me first, if I don't get him fool start prayin'  
Ain't no such thing as self-defense in the court of law  
So judge us when we get to where we're goin wearin' a cross  
That's real, got him, lurked him, crept the fuck up on him  
Sold a half a million tapes, now everybody want him  
After talkin' behind my back like a bitch would  
Tellin' them niggas, "You can fade him," punk I wish you would  
It be them same motherfuckers in your face  
That'll rush up in your place to get your safe  
Knowin' you on that paper chase  
Grass, glass, big screen and leather couch  
My new shit is so fetti, already sold a ki or ounce  
Bitch, remember 2Pac and 4-Tay

Them same two brothers dodgin' bullets representin' the Bay  
Pac, when you was locked down  
That's when I'll be around  
Start climbin' up the charts, so sick, but they tried to clown  
That's why they ride the bandwagon  
Still be draggin' sellin' lies  
Don't think I don't see you haters, I know y'all in disguise

*[2Pac:]*

Guess you figure you know me, 'cause I'm a thug  
That love to hit the late night club drink and buzzed  
Been livin' lavish like a player all day  
Now I'm bout to floss 'em off, player shit with 4-Tay

*[2Pac:]*

Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me, only God  
Only God can judge me  
Only God can judge me now

*[2Pac (Rappin 4-Tay):]*

(Only God, mane)  
That right?  
(That's real)  
Hahahahahaha  
(Fuck everybody else, you know what I'm sayin'?)  
Man, look here, man  
My only fear of death  
Is comin' back to this bitch reincarnated, man  
That's for the homie mental  
(Hehehehe)  
We up out

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Forte Anthony, Rasheed Douglas B, Fretty Harold A

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Tradin War Stories"

(feat. C-Bo, Dramacydal, Storm, CPO, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

A military mind, nigga  
A military mind mean money  
A criminal grind, nigga  
A criminal grind mean hustle  
You know

[2Pac:]

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]

Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin' hard liquor  
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker  
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger  
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggas  
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday  
And feared men grow on trees  
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes  
So niggas whisper when they mention  
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure  
Mama sent me to go play with the drug dealers  
Henceforth, we thug niggas and we came in packs  
Every one of niggas strapped sippin' on 'yak  
In the back, my AR-15  
Thuggin' 'til I die, these streets got me cravin' thorazine  
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'  
Fat as that ass that honey shakin'

[2Pac & Kastro:]

My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas despise, look in my eyes

[Kastro:]

I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit  
They call it overthuggin' and shit  
But I was just a younger nigga;  
Gettin' older and lovin' this shit  
But what was I doin' in this place?  
To the fakes without a pistol in the first  
Facin' termination in the worst  
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all  
These playa hatin' niggas position for I could see 'em all  
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you  
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryna tell you

*[Edi Amin:]*

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin' greenery  
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game something D-P  
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out  
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out  
And wide open - the ridin' and smokin'  
Collidin' with foes - in the worst place;  
y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us ,in the first place  
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin' game to the youngsters  
Y'all don't want no funk cause  
y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

*[2Pac & C-Bo:]*

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

*[C-Bo:]*

I breaks them off with this gangsta war story tale  
Stacking loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12  
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger  
No one will remain when I come through dumping insane  
Call me Bo Loc Major Pain, gun-slang and moving 'caine  
I be the nigga that's pulling the trigger and dumping the hot ones up in your brain  
More bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball  
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)  
Never been no sign for men call  
How we bucks them down on the way to the ground  
Ain't nothing but the hog in me  
Plus, stompin' steel toed, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G  
It ain't no calling the funk off  
Don't be funkling with my sawed off  
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off  
And had them bitch niggas hauled off

*[2Pac (Napolean):]*

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)  
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)

*[Napoleon:]*

My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay  
Ain't nothing on this earth will make a nigga like me stay  
I'm reminiscing, and catchin' flashbacks when niggas ran up  
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back  
What happened then? No one would tell me since I was three  
Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free  
But fuck that, you got whats mines and I want that  
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back  
And now I'm sitting, holding in anger because my parents missing  
Thugging Immortal when got some war stories for you

*[Storm:]*

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal  
Never gave a fuck cause I was nobody's daughter  
Outlawing from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure  
Cause the murderous tendencies in my mind, can't be controlled, nigga  
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?  
Would you try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla  
When I got you on kay-nine-fourths  
Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth  
We tradin' war stories

[2Pac:]

We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes  
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]

War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do  
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz  
Motherfucking 2Pac a.k.a. Makaveli  
Can you feel me?  
Just so you know, it's on Death Row  
My niggas love that shit  
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heheheh  
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggas Fatal N Felony  
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?  
You know what time it is

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "California Love"

(feat. Dr. Dre, Roger Troutman)

*[Roger Troutman:]*

California love

California knows how to party

California knows how to party

In the city of L.A.

In the city of good ol' Watts

In the city, the city of Compton

We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

*[Dr. Dre:]*

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west

A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness

The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest

Pack a vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex

We in that sunshine state where the bomb-ass hemp be

The state where you never find a dance floor empty

And pimps be on a mission for them greens

Lean mean money-making-machines serving fiends

I been in the game for 10 years making rap tunes

Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon

Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me

Diamonds shining, looking like I robbed Liberace

It's all good, from Diego to the Bay

Your city is the bomb if your city making pay

Throw up a finger if you feel the same way

Dre putting it down for Californ-i-a

*[Roger Troutman:]*

California knows how to party

California knows how to party (Yes, they do)

In the city of L.A.

In the city of good ol' Watts

In the city, the city of Compton

We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

*[Roger Troutman:]*

Shake, shake it, baby

Shake, shake it, mama

Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby

Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

*[2Pac:]*

Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming

Soon as I step on the scene, I'm hearing hoochies screaming

Fiending for money and alcohol

The life of a Westside player where cowards die and the strong ball

Only in Cali where we riot not rally to live and die

In L.A. we wearing Chucks not Ballys (yeah, that's right)

Dressed in Locs and Khaki suits, and ride is what we do

Flossing, but have caution: we collide with other crews  
Famous because we throw grams  
Worldwide, let them recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans  
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside  
So you know the row won't bow down to no man  
Say what you say, but give me that bomb beat from Dre  
Let me serenade the streets of L.A  
From Oakland to Sac-town, the Bay Area and back down  
Cali is where they put their mack down  
Give me love!

*[Roger Troutman:]*  
California knows how to party  
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)  
In the city of L.A  
In the city of good ol' Watts  
In the city, the city of Compton  
We keep it rockin'

*[Dr. Dre:]* South Central  
*[2Pac:]* Uh, that's right  
*[Dr. Dre:]* Now make it shake

*[Roger Troutman:]*  
Shake, shake it, baby  
Shake, shake it, mama  
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby  
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

*[Dr. Dre:]*  
Shake it Cali  
Uh, uh, West Coast  
Uh, yeah, uh, uh, Long Beach in the house  
Uh, yeah, Oaktown, Oakland definitely in the house  
Frisco, Frisco

*[2Pac:]*  
And you know L.A. up in here

*[Dr. Dre:]*  
Pasadena where you at?  
Yeah, Inglewood  
Inglewood always up to no good

*[2Pac:]*  
Even Hollywood trying to get a piece, baby

*[Dr. Dre:]*  
Sacramento, Sacramento where you at?

*[2Pac:]*  
Throw it up ya'll, throw it up, throw it up!  
I can't see ya  
Let's show these fools how we do it over on this West Side  
Cause you and I know it's the best side  
Yeah, that's right

## West Coast, West Coast

Thanks to Blades, Serg, fattygurlfantasy, mourssss for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mikel Hooks, Larry Troutman, Roger Troutman, Ronnie Hudson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Chris Stainton, Joe Cocker

# 2Pac Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At Cha"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Change, shit

I guess change is good for any of us

Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out the hood

Shit, I'm wit 'cha

I ain't mad at 'cha

Got nothin' but love for ya, do your thing, boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while

I'mma send this one out for y'all, know what I mean?

Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust

Givin' a motherfuck

Yeah, niggas

Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

*[2Pac:]*

Now we was once two niggas of the same kind

Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line

You was just a little smaller but you still rolled

Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swell

'member when you had a Jheri Curl didn't quite learn

On the block, wit'cha Glock, trippin' off sherm

Collect calls to the crib, sayin' how you've changed

Oh you's a Muslim now? No more dope game

Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail

Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail

It seems I lost my little homie, he's a changed man

Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle

When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble

Congratulations on the wedding, I hope your wife know

She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshittin'

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember

I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her

And I can see us after school, we'd BOMB

on the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed and we don't even kick it

Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it

Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker that

Go toe to toe when it's time to roll you got a brother's back

And I can't even trip, cause I'm just laughin' at 'cha

You tryin' hard to maintain, then go ahead

Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

(Hmm, I ain't mad at 'cha)

*[Danny Boy (2Pac):]*

I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(I ain't mad at 'cha)

I ain't - mad - at 'cha

[2Pac:]

We used to be like distant cousins  
Fightin', playin' dozens, whole neighborhood buzzin'  
Knowin' that we wasn't  
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs  
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared  
Besides, bumpin' 'n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind  
In time we'd learned to live a life of crime  
Rewind us back to a time was much too young to know  
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow  
And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait  
Don't give nobody no coochie while I'll be locked up state  
I kiss my momma, goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes  
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived  
Don't shed a tear, cause momma I ain't happy here  
I blew trial, no more smiles for a couple years  
They got me goin' mad  
I'm knockin' busters on they backs, in my cell, thinkin'  
"Hell, I know one day I'll be back"  
As soon as I touch down  
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down  
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha  
Cause you's a down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(a true down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha)

[2Pac:]

Well guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now  
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down  
He went from nothing to lots, ten carats to rock  
Went from a nobody nigga to the big man on the block  
He's Mr. Local-Celebrity, addicted to movin' ki's  
Most hated by enemies, escape in the luxury  
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made  
Now we gotta slay you while you faded, in the younger days  
So full of pain while the weapons blaze  
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days  
Cause crime pays and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze  
You'll feel the fire from the niggas in my younger days  
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot  
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?  
'Til God return me to my essence  
Cause even as an adolescent, I refuse to be a convalescent  
So many questions and they ask me if I'm still down  
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?  
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha  
You niggas just don't know, but I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(Hell nah I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(And I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
(I ain't mad at 'cha)  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha  
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Arnaud Delmar, Jordan Etterlene, Steward Danny Boy

# 2Pac Lyrics

"What'z Ya Phone #"

(feat. Danny Boy)

What's your phone number?

Now, I could make miracles to tempos  
It's instrumental, waiting for the nymphos; that's the intro  
Shook when you rush me, walked up and touched me

Why? Do you want to fuck me?

Just 'cause I'm paid in the worst way? True!

Lookin' kinda good in your birthday suit

I wonder if you're wild and you act shy

Do you like to be on top or the back side?

Watch me while you lick your lips

Shake your hips, goddamn, I love that shit

Yo, let's stop fakin', be real now

I got a room and a hard-on; still down?

Met you standing at a bar full of black dudes

Said you wanna see my scars and my tattoos

When we head for my hideout, act right

Boss player when I ride out, that's right

What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready

Baby, let me give you a call

How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready

Baby, let me give you a call

How long will it take to break you off?

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece, more than just fine

She's personally blessed from the gods

If I seen her right now, she could get me hard

Didn't want to talk to me, just to see my car

Never had sex with a rich rap star

'Til I got her in the back of my homeboy's car

Tell me, why do we live this way?

Money over bitches, let me hear you say

What's your phone number?

Are you alone? Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone!

Time for your girlfriend to take you home

I had fun, but baby, gotta leave me alone

Picture in my rhyme

Take time to rewind these words I say

If you open your mind bet in a minute you'll find

It's time let the Outlawz play

What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready

Baby, let me give you a call

How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready

Baby, let me give you a call

How long will it take to break you off?

[Girl and 2Pac converse:]

[Girl:] Hello?

[2Pac:] Hello? Who is this?

[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?

[2Pac:] This is who?

[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?

[2Pac:] Yeah, it's 2Pac. Who is this?

[Girl:] Hi, baby. How are you?

[2Pac:] I'm aight. What up, baby?

[Girl:] You don't recognize the voice?

[2Pac:] You recognize my voice, huh?

[Girl:] Do you recognize MY voice?

[2Pac:] Nah, I know you?

[Girl:] Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talking

[2Pac:] Where I know you from? Where I know you from?

[Girl:] You just know me, baby

[2Pac:] Where? Talk up, I can't barely hear you

[Girl:] You know me from when we were, you know, intimate

[2Pac:] Oh, we fucked?

[Girl:] Oh baby, did we ever

[2Pac:] Oh, tell me about it, baby

[Girl:] I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down

[2Pac:] OOOOH!

[Girl:] Then I put it in my mouth. I sucked it

[2Pac:] Ooh, you did?

[Girl:] Ooh, I did

[2Pac:] Shit!

[Girl:] Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came

[2Pac:] Did I come?

[Girl:] Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?

[2Pac:] I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out. What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?

[Girl:] You rocked it

[2Pac:] Did I?

[Girl:] Yeah, you did

[2Pac:] Did I give you some of that Thug Passion?

[Girl:] Mmmmmmm

[2Pac:] Heh, heh. Eh, so what you doing right now, though?

[Girl:] Me and my finger are getting acquainted

[2Pac:] How many you got?

[Girl:] I got ten, but only one is workin'

[2Pac:] Oh well, can I come over there?

[Girl:] If you want to

[2Pac:] Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit?

[Girl:] Mmm. You gonna rock it, baby?

[2Pac:] Hell yeah, I'm gonna rock it, baby

[Girl:] Like you did before?

[2Pac:] No dizoubt. You gonna feel that Thug Passion for real

[Girl:] Mmmmm, baby

[2Pac:] I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500. It ain't gonna take but a minute. Eh, light the candles, get the baby oil out, turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way, babe. I'm gonna

knock that pussy to the next week

[Girl:] Knock it out, baby, knock it out

[2Pac:] I'm gon knock the taste out your mouth, girl. I'm gonna put your legs on your head. I'ma tie you up, blindfold you. And we gonna play which hole feel the best

[Girl:] You know which hole feel the best

[2Pac:] We finna see tonight, though

[Girl:] I'm gonna make you remember me

[2Pac:] Oh, yeah

[Girl:] Yeah

[2Pac:] Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift, you got me so fucked up. I'm playing with myself and shit

[Girl:] Can I shift your gear? Can I shift it in the front?

[2Pac:] Hell yeah, aye, you know what I wanna do though?

[Girl:] Whatch you wanna do?

[2Pac:] I wanna fuck you on the balcony, while you lookin' out over L.A, yaknahmean? Just poundin' that shit from the back

'Cause a motherfucker hop that shit like I got hydraulics

Fixed in me, you feel me? I be hittin' switches, baby

[Girl:] Ooh, I feel you, yes

[2Pac:] Heh, hey, I'm fin' to come over there. Just wait for me sweetheart, I'm on my way right now. I'll see you later, baby, bye

[Girl:] Bye, boo

[2Pac:] Hah, yeah, I'm gonna get some pussy

Heh, get some pussy, hah, hah

Writer(s): Prince Rogers Nelson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Johnny Lee Jackson

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Can't C Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, George Clinton)

*[George Clinton:]*

The blind stares of a million pairs of eyes  
Looking hard, but won't realize  
That they will never see the P!  
You must be goin' blind

*[2Pac:]*

Give me my money in stacks  
And lace my bitches with dime figures  
Real niggas fingers on nickel-plated 9 triggers  
Must see my enemies defeated  
I catch 'em while they coked up and weeded  
Open fire, now them niggas bleeding  
See me in flesh and test and get your chest blown  
Straight out the west, don't get blown  
My adversaries cry like hoes  
Open and shut like doors  
Is you a friend or foe?  
Nigga, you ain't know?  
They got me stressed out on Death Row  
I've seen money, but baby, I've gots to get mo'  
You screaming: "Go 2Pac!" and I ain't stopping 'til I'm well-paid  
Bail's paid now nigga look what hell made  
Visions of cops and sirens, niggas open fire  
Bunch of Thug Life niggas on the rise, until I die  
Ask me why I'm a boss player, getting high  
And when I'm rolling by niggas can't see me!

*[George Clinton:]*

The stares of a million pairs of eyes  
And you'll never realize  
You can't see me

*[2Pac:]*

Been getting word that these square motherfuckers with nerves  
Saying they can get with us, but picture me getting served  
My own mama say I'm thugged out  
My shit be bumping out the record store as if it was a drug house  
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood  
Nigga what! It ain't nothing but a party when we thug  
And there I was, a young nigga with heart  
Ain't had shit to lose  
Pullin' my pistol on them fools, you know the rules  
D-R-E you got me heated  
My words like a penitentiary dick  
Hitting bitches where it's most needed  
Money and weed, Alize and Hennessy  
To my thug niggas in lock down: witness me  
Bail on these hoes in floss-mode

The life of a boss playa, fuck what you thought, though  
My enemies deceased, die like a bitch  
When my album hit the streets, niggas can't see me!

*[George Clinton (2Pac):]*  
(Niggas can't see me)  
(They can't see me)  
Which way did he go, George?  
Which way did he go?  
Oh!! which way did he go?  
Which way did he go?

*[2Pac:]*  
You niggas made a mistake  
You should've never put my rhymes with Dre  
Them Thug niggas have arrived and it's Judgement Day  
Hey homie, if you feel me  
Tell them tricks that shot me that they missed, they ain't killed me  
I can make a motherfucker shake, rattle n' roll  
I'm full of liquor, thug nigga, quick to jab at them hoes  
And I can make you jealous niggas famous  
Fuck around with 2Pac and see how good a nigga's aim is  
I'm just a rich motherfucker from the way  
If this rapping bring me money, then I'm rapping 'til I'm paid  
I'm getting green like I'm supposed to  
Nigga, I holla at these hoes and see how many I can go through  
Look to the star, and visualize my debut  
Niggas know me, player, I gotta stay true  
Don't be a dumb motherfucker cause it's crazy after dark  
Where the true thug-niggas see your heart  
Niggas can't see me!

Yo, check this out: stay off his dick

*[George Clinton (2Pac):]*  
(Niggas can't see me)  
Right before your eyes, I'll disappear from here  
You niggas can't see me  
You can't see me  
(I know it's hard nigga, I'm all up in your face)  
(But you still can't see me)  
You can't see me  
(All up in your range, but niggas can't see me)  
20/20 vision won't visualize  
(I'm in the flesh baby, but you can't see me)  
All those glasses won't help you realize  
(You blinded, you blinded, you can't see me)  
You can't see me  
(Thug Life, baby)  
(Don't believe everything you read!)  
(Alize and weed)  
You can't see me, right before your very eyes  
You won't even visualize, you can't see me  
(Dr. Dre all day, 2Pac)  
Niggas can't see me  
(I dedicate this to you punk motherfuckers!)

(This one's for you, BIG baby)  
(Cause you bitch-ass niggas can't see me)  
(Niggas can't see me)  
You can't see me

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil  
You won't see me  
Yeah, first see me, now you don't  
Wanna see me, but you won't  
Come to see me, but you can't  
Oh, you can't see me, you can't see me  
Right between your eyes and you'll never realize  
Right before your eyes, you won't even realize  
Visualize what you can't see

Thanks to schar for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Andre Romell, Clinton George

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Shorty Wanna Be A Thug"

Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug!  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Was a nice middle-class nigga  
But no one knew the evil he'd do when he got a little bigger  
You'd often find him blazed, for puffing on a Newport  
Plotting on a another way to catch a case  
Was only 16, yet convicted as a felon  
With a bunch of old niggas, but you the only one ain't tellin'  
I tell you it's a cold world, stay in school  
You tell me it's a man's world, play the rules  
And fade fools, break rules until we major  
Blaze up, getting with hoes through my pager  
Was raised up, commence to money-makin' tactics  
It's getting drastic, niggas got automatics  
My finger's on the trigger  
Tell the Lord to make way for another straight thug nigga  
I'm sitting, getting buzzed, looking for some love  
From the homies, 'cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be  
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's wanna be, said he's wanna be  
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Straight from the hall to the pen  
An adolescent nigga standing way higher than six feet ten  
He carried weight, like a Mack truck  
Gonna bust on playa haters, if them mothafuckas act tuff  
Then that's when, a lethal weapon with the razor  
This little nigga smoking weed and getting blazed up  
No one could figure, when the guns blast, pull the trigger  
Could take the life of a young nigga, guns bigger  
No mother and father, you see, the nigga's all alone  
Old timers my role model, the war zone  
Been laced with this game 'til it's a part of me  
My heart don't beat no fear, and that ain't hard to see  
The future is looking dim  
I'm tryin' to make a profit out of living in this sin  
I'm in the dark, getting buzzed, looking for some love  
Out with the homies, 'cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be  
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug  
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be  
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Shorty's gonna be a thug  
Little bad ass nigga, to the young niggas  
Gotta stay sharp, nigga, play your part!  
Got plenty of time (you bad mothafuckas)  
You only get three mistakes, and then it's life, big baby  
(Niggas craaazy) Watch the signs!  
Damn, nigga! Sixteen, nigga?  
Sixteen?! Too bad, mothafuckers

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Edwards Douglas Fraser, Richardson Thomas David, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Holla At Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher)

*[Nanci Fletcher (2Pac):]*

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row  
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us though  
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah  
With that funky sound, so funky  
We be throwin' down  
(This goes out to you playa)  
(You know, you know who you are)

*[2Pac:]*

Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me  
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me  
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me

*[2Pac:]*

Are you confused?

You wonder how it feels to walk a mile inside the shoes of a nigga who don't have a thing to lose  
When me and you was homies  
No one informed me it was all a scheme  
You infiltrated my team and sold a nigga's dreams  
How could you do me like that?  
I took ya family in  
I put some cash in ya pocket, made you a man again  
And now you let the fear put your ass in a place  
Complicated to escape, it's a fool's fate  
Without your word you're a shell of a man  
I lost respect for ya, nigga  
We can never be friends  
I know I'm runnin' through your head now  
What could you do?  
If it was up to you, I'd be dead now  
I let the world know, nigga, you a coward  
Ya could never be live  
Until you die  
See the motherfuckin' bitch in your eye  
Type of nigga, that let the evil of the money trap me  
When ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me (holla at me)

*[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]*

(Gotta be afraid, don't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(So I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

Curious, spittin' lyrics on the verge of furious

I'm addicted to currency

Nigga that's why we're doin' this

I got shot up, I surprised the niggas the way I got up

And then I hit the studio, it's time to blow the block up

No hesitation

This information got you contemplatin'

Heartbreakin' and eliminatin' with this conversation

Break him and let him see the face of a mental patient

It's a celebration of my criminal elevation, more participation

I want members that call the fifty states

To keep the nation anticipatin' until we break

Will I be great, is it my fate?

To live the life of luxury, some niggas bought my tapes

So much jealousy it scares me

So be prepared, cause only the strong survive

Life isn't fair (fair)

Probably never knew the way it feels to die

So you see come fuck with me, I give that ass a try!

Nigga, Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)

(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)

You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

(And now I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)

(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)

You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

I should've saw the signs, I was blinded

Criminal minds of a young black brotha doin' time

So many brothas framed in this dirty game

It's a shame, so much pressure on my brain while she blame me

Secrets in the dark, only her and I know

Now I'm sittin' in the state pen', doin' time slow

Guess she made a bad decision

That got me livin' just like an animal

I'm caged up in state prison

My niggas dissin' cause hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn

A cemetery full of motherfuckers not knowin'

Picture my prophecy I got some attacking me, on top of me

I'm runnin' from the coppers, but never let 'em stop me

Cause I'm a soldier

Hell, ever since I was a little nigga havin' fantasies of one day getting older

Niggas is paranoid, trust; a no no

Love is a mystery, fuck the po po

Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(So when you see me nigga)

(You better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(A nigga gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay

*[Nanci Fletcher:]*

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row  
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us tho'  
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah  
With that funky sound (so funky)  
We be throwin' down

*[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]*

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Bobby F Ervin

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Wonder Why They Call U"

(feat. Faith Evans)

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch

Look here, Miss Thang, hate to salt your game  
But you's a money-hungry woman and you need to change  
    In the locker room, all the homies do is laugh  
    High fives 'cause another nigga played your ass  
        It was said you were sleezy, even easy  
        Sleepin' around for what you need, see  
    It's your thing, and you can shake it how you wanna  
        Give it up free or make your money on the corner  
    But don't be bad, play the game, get mad and change  
Then you wonder why these motherfuckers call you names  
    Still lookin' for a way out, and that's okay  
    I can see you wanna stray, there's a way out  
    Keep your mind on your money, enroll in school  
    And as the years pass by, you can show them fools  
        But you ain't tryin' to hear me 'cause you're stuck  
    You're headin' for the bathroom, 'bout to get tossed up  
        Still lookin' for a rich man, you dug a ditch  
        Got your legs up tryin' to get rich  
    I love you like a sister, but you need to switch  
    And that's why they called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
    You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
    You wonda why they call you bitch  
    You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
        You wonda why they call you bitch  
        You wonda why they call you bitch

You leave your kids with your mama  
    'Cause your headin' for the club  
    In a skin-tight miniskirt, lookin' for some love  
Got them legs wide open while you're sittin' at the bar  
    Talkin' to some nigga 'bout his car  
    I guess he said he had a Lexus, what's next?  
        You headin' to his car for some sex?  
        I pass by, can't hold back tears inside  
        'Cause Lord knows, for years I tried  
    And all the other people on my block hate your guts  
    Then you wonder why they stare and call you slut  
        It's like your mind don't understand

You don't have to kill your dreams plottin' schemes on a man  
Keep your head up, legs closed, eyes open  
Either a nigga wear a rubber or he die smokin'  
I'm hearin' rumors, so you need to switch  
And niggas wouldn't call you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch

I guess times gettin' hard, even harder for you  
'Cause hey now, got a baby on the way now  
More money from the county, and thanks to the welfare  
You're about to get your hair done  
Got a dinner date, can't be late  
Trick or treat, sweet thang got another trick to meet  
The way he did it it was smooth  
Plottin' while he gamin' you so, baby, peep the rules  
I should've seen it in the first case, the worst case  
I should've never called you back in the first place  
I remember back in high school, baby, you was fast  
Straight sex when you moved your ass  
But now things change, 'cause you don't look the same  
Let the ghetto get the best of you, baby, that's a shame  
Caught HIV and now you 'bout to be deceased  
And finally be at peace  
So where your niggas at now? 'Cause everybody left  
They stepped, and left you on your own  
See, I loved you like a sister, but you died too quick  
And that's why we called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch  
You wonda why they call you bitch

Dear Ms. Delores Tucker, keep stressin' me  
Fuckin' with a motherfuckin' mind  
I figured you wanted to know  
You know, why we call them hoes bitches  
And maybe this might help you understand  
It ain't personal, strictly business, baby, strictly business  
So If you wonder why we call you bitch  
You wonder why we call you bitch  
If you wonder why we call you bitch  
You wonder why we call you bitch



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When We Ride"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, Mo Khomeini, ilOutlawz)

[2Pac:]

Outlaw Immortalz

Bow down to somethin' greater than yourself, trick  
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swells  
They know you watchin'  
But you ain't seein' what lies before you, biatch  
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings  
Blessed with the gift of speech  
The power to reach  
Each nigga on every street

May the heavenly father look down and be proud of what transpired  
Since the day the seed was planted  
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick  
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit  
Just me and my dogs, livin' like hogs  
Outlaw Immortalz  
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue  
What lies between is the fiction  
Don't fuck around and make it true

[\*laughing\*]

My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe  
Out for revenge on bitch niggas that blasted me  
Plus my alias is Makaveli  
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly  
Bust him to see if he bleed  
He shoulda never fucked around with a sick-ass nigga like me  
They call my name out and niggas run  
Best be prepared for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal:]

They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table  
I'm robbin' ya niggas' cradle with a knife in your navel  
Rap-related, criminally activated and evil  
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin' Desert Eagle  
'Til the end, I'm tellin' all friends and enemies  
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these  
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast  
Young Gunz fire and niggas bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro:]

I be shinin' like white diamonds and crystal  
Glistenin' holdin' pistols  
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidentials  
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential  
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you  
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro  
Blast and I'mma last yo past all these Glass Joes  
And assholes who claim, like they be runnin' thangs

I be gunnin' those same niggas runnin' late, to their fate

*[Napoleon:]*

My alias is motherfuckin' Na-poleon, and I'd rather be  
Robbin' again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin'  
But it ain't nothin', and I got no time for no bluffin'  
Befo' a nigga finish with puttin' in work I betta end up with somethin'  
I think these niggas got the game fucked up  
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)  
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin' cases, fuck probation  
Is what I'm screamin' when these money hungry cops be chasin'

*[2Pac:]*

Thug nigga 'til we die  
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride  
Thug nigga 'til we die  
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

*[Mussolini:]*

It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini  
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me  
Drug warlord, ridin' Concorde jets  
Rag Vette's, shakin' bitches and snitches and trippin' on sets  
Inglewoods banger, keepin' one in the chamber  
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride  
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin' no end to revenge  
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

*[E.D.I.:]*

They call me Idi, from the side of seedy  
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin' up on these niggas easy  
It ain't nuttin, cause if they wantin' somethin', so I'mma commence  
To dumpin' stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin', Thuggin'  
To my fuckin' last note, with Lo-Pole and Kastro  
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though  
Outlaw Immortalz doin' this dit-nirt on the sli-zow  
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

*[Kadafi:]*

My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy  
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she jock me  
Severely addicted to livin' like a fuckin' felon  
While beefin' with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin'  
Since a shorty I been livin' life defiant, nickel plated chrome  
Got this baby Capone lookin' like a giant, and I ain't lyin'  
It's like it's me against myself with all these  
Backstabbin' snakes grabbin' at my fuckin' wealth

*[Mo Khomeini:]*

Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer  
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers  
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks  
That increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef  
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes  
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes  
Reach hoes, make 'em feel a nigga when I'm mashin'

Now I'm surpassin' any assassin'

[2Pac:]

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Thug nigga 'til we die

No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby

Y'all niggas can't fade this ol crazy shit (can't c me, can't c me)

Makaveli, Hussein, Castro, Kadaffi, Mussolini

Amin, Napoleon, Khomein

What y'all really wanna do?

Haha, like them niggas said

"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"

Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga

Flashin on niggas

Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life

But we Outlaw Immortalz

We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga, like forever

Like I'll make you famous motherfucker

I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit

My niggas make the papers baby

My niggas make the front page

The gunshots can't stop me, they know [\*fades\*]

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Yafeu Fula, Tyruss Himes, Bruce Washington, Mark Jordan

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thug Passion"

(feat. Dramacydal, Storm, Jewell)

Aight, new drink  
One part Alizé, one part Cristal  
Thug passion, baby  
y'all know what time it is  
This drink is Guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard  
Now, if you with me  
Pour a glass and drink with a nigga, knowhatimean?  
I ain't tryin' to turn you all niggas into alcoholics - alcoholics  
I'm just tryin' to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs  
So come and get some of this thug passion, baby

*[Kastro:]*

Mayne! I could pull out the drink and be good until it's relevant  
But I'm a straight soldier, I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent  
Trippin' over dead presidents  
they got these derelicts  
I throw was down with this business, tryin' to clown and get a cent  
And so rather, than stand forever  
Been thinkin' drinkin' over a felony  
And hell of me  
And how it will be in hella shit, people tellin' me to cool out  
But they ain't feelin' me, a motherfuckin' fool, about  
My fuckin' cheddar cheese  
and it pleases, passion of mine  
Thuggin', huggin' plenty of G's and laughin' while I pass through times  
And all these bastards be watchin' just keep it plain  
I'ma keep it the same partner, just take it the simple game  
I can, pinkle with the rain twinklin'  
Diamonds and things go blinkin'  
Enough to hold me, 'til I'm, old and wrinklin'  
and These adversaries  
They gonna have to be worryin'  
Cause I'ma be illin', fulfillin' my passion  
'Til I'm buryin' my thug passion

*[Jewell:]*

I heard it's the bomb  
And you got it goin' on  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
You got me drippin' wet  
from the way you make me sweat  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

*[Napoleon:]*

Now what if me  
Turn this Hennessy into a robbery  
The Prophecy probably suddenly switch and how it supposed to be  
And Dirty money  
Can't be evil cause it's fillin' up my tummy

Born in a position, death collision was futuristic  
Twistin' riches, but there is only one way to make more  
So I'm standin' on the corner tryin' to hustle in the snow  
And my bigger bro, couldn't know  
But buy a .44, blastin' at playa haters wantin' more  
with a Thug Passion

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*  
Puttin' down mashin', control by this thug's passion  
Unlike them other bustas pistol blastin'  
I'm askin', what happened  
To the niggas who kept it real like they claim to  
That's what money and fame do, see they ain't true  
Travelin' this road my poor soul has been consolidated  
With all this bullshit that I done tolerated  
How I made it, can be easily stated  
It's like my hardest bring the grip with the passion, left me to fuckin' greatest  
Load up and take shit

*[Yaki Kadaffi:]*  
Make it to some high dollar gangsta shit  
Jack a stack 'til we got enough bank to split

*[Storm:]*  
Creep with me, through that immortal flow  
Thug passion got you tremblin' like Death on the Row  
Make your move, so I can throw your mind a curve  
While I'll be blowin' up the scene, like my nigga Mr. Herb  
Take a toke, as your heart goes full arrest  
I got the bomb, so nigga, fuck the rest  
You need a dub to get you flowin'  
and let that loc see smoke  
Feelin' the strokes of the 9 squeeze tight and slow

*[Jewell:]*  
I heard it's the bomb  
And you got it goin' on  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
You got me drippin' wet  
From the way you make me sweat  
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

They say money don't make the man  
But damn, I'm makin' money  
Observin' you motherfuckers, 'cause some of you bitches funny  
Say you want it but you bullshittin'  
Lickin' them lips, you got me about to act a fool quick  
Sippin' on some Alizé and Cristal, meanwhile  
Buy me a drink and get to winkin' at me, she smiles; a niggas full of passion  
Satisfaction is everlastin'  
"How does it feel?" what I'm askin'  
While I'm rubbin' on that ass "Why you laughin'?"  
see, I'm diggin' as if I'm curious  
full blown and furious  
Baby, get a grip, when I be doin' this  
It's so physical my attraction

Driven by alcohol, beware of my reaction  
    baby I'm born to ball  
    thugged out on Death Row  
    You better recognize and picture what I said so  
Now you can feel it, it's a portion for my niggas in motion  
    Forever blastin', bitches ain't ready for this thug passion

[Jewell (DJ Quik):]  
    I heard it's the bomb  
    And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!  
        (Thug passion)  
    I heard it's the bomb  
    And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!  
        (Thug passion)  
    I heard it's the bomb  
    And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!  
        (Thug passion)  
    I heard it's the bomb  
    And you got it goin' on  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby  
        (Thug passion)  
    You got me drippin' wet  
        From the way you make me sweat  
    Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

Thanks to schonky, mzhoney for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Beale Mutah (pka Napolean), Caples Jewel Lynne, Cox Kotari (pka Kastro), Greenridge Malcolm (pka E.d.i. Mean), Hunter Donna T, Jackson John C

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Picture Me Rollin'"

(feat. CPO, Danny Boy Steward, Syke)

Yeah, clear enough for ya? (alright)  
My niggas look mad  
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free!  
Y'all niggas look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail  
Hoe bustas!

[2Pac:]

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz  
I got no love for these niggas, there's no need to be friends  
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'  
"Know there's dope being sold", but I ain't the one sellin'  
Don't want to be another number  
I gotta puff a gang of weed to keep from goin' under  
The federales wanna see me dead  
Niggas put prices on my head  
Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed, I feed 'em lead  
Now I'm released, how will I live?  
Will God forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?  
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive  
When niggas shootin' at your crib  
Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone  
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong  
Full grown, finally a man, just schemin' on ways  
to put some green inside the palms of my empty hands  
Just picture me rollin'  
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen  
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone  
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone  
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands are swollen  
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin'  
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me, picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Ooh wee  
(Can you see me now?  
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a CLEAR picture  
Can you see it?  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Yeah nigga!  
Ay, but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you  
Guess who's back?)

[Big Syke:]

I got ki's comin' from overseas

Cost a nigga 200 G's  
I'm a street commando, Nino for example  
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle  
So I got to floss cause I'm more like a boss player  
Thug, branded to be a women-layer  
So many player haters, imitators steady swangin'  
Make me wanna start back bangin'  
So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed  
Packin' 40 Glocks, contain 'em or rearrange  
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies  
While I'm sippin' on Rémy  
in front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam  
'96 big body, sittin' on chrome  
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on  
You can admire, but don't look too long  
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'  
It's hard to imagine  
Picture me rollin'

*[Danny Boy:]*

Picture me rollin'  
Picture, picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me

*[CPO (2Pac):]*

I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper  
Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper  
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?  
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically  
I see some ballin' ass niggas, and they slippin' in my spot  
And, uh, diggin' the plots. So what?  
Checkin' in the park, 'Pac  
(We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggas creepin'?)  
(This how we do it every weekend)  
(I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit)  
(CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it)  
(I get the liquor, and you could get the females)  
(This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales)  
Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my 9  
I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine  
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen  
Boss Hogg and this 'Pac nigga  
Picture us rollin'

*[Danny Boy:]*

Picture me rollin'  
Picture me  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'

*[2Pac:]*

Is y'all ready for me?  
Picture me rollin' roll call  
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there

I just could not forget about  
I wanna make sure they can see me  
Number one on my list: Clinton Correctional Facilities  
All you bitch ass C.O.'s  
Can you niggas see me from there?  
Ballin' on y'all punk ass!  
Picture me rollin', baby  
Yeah, all them niggas up in them cell blocks  
I told y'all niggas when I come home it's on  
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'  
Oh, I forgot! The D.A  
Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court  
Can the hoe see me from here?  
Can you see me, hoe?  
Picture me rollin'  
And all you punk police, can you see me?  
Am I clear to you?  
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit  
Free like O.J. all day  
You can't stop me  
You know I got my niggas up in this motherfucker  
Manute, Pain, Syke, Bogart, Mopreme  
It's sad dog, can you picture us rollin'?  
Can you see me hoe?  
Is y'all ready for me?  
We up out this bitch  
Any time y'all wanna see me again  
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes  
And picture me rollin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Bell Ronald N, Westfield Richard Allen, Brown George Melvin, Thomas Dennis Ronald, Bell Robert Earl, Mickens Robert Spike, Smith Claydes Eugene, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Nash Otha, Edwards Vince

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Check Out Time"

(feat. Natasha Walker, Kurupt, Big Syke)

[2Pac:]

Ay what time is it nigga?

("I don't know.")

Oh shit, 12 o'clock

Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here

("Hell yeah.")

Nigga, it's check out time nigga

Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room

("Hey there, bitch, where Suge at, nigga?")

Call Suge, call all the niggas tell 'em to meet me downstairs

("Where K and them niggas at man?")

Tell the valet, bring the Benz around

("Ay, y'all seen my shoes?")

Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas drivin' or y'all flyin' back, whassup?

("Man, I'm rollin' man, fuck that shit.")

Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool

("Fuck that, I lost some money, nigga.")

Aw nigga, damn

[2Pac:]

Now I'm up early in the mornin', breath stinkin' as I'm yawnin'

Just another sunny day in California

I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers

Give a holla to them hoochies last night, that tried to rape us

Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas

I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break us

Last night was like a fantasy, Alizé and Hennessy

A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin' with my man and me

Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did

I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch

First you argued, then I fight it, 'til you lick me where I like it

Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter, just don't bite it

I never got to check out the scene

Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans

Now it seems, it's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go, we gotta go!

[2Pac:]

Gotta go, gotta go

Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time!

Gotta go nigga, gotta go

("Y'all know what time it is!")

Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man, call that valet motherfucker

Tell him to get a nigga shit, cause we out this, motherfucker

*[Kurupt:]*

They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid  
My fantasies came true with Janet on, I'm in a escapade  
But did it all, end too soon  
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to room  
So I assume, since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke  
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night  
My game's trump tight  
So I find time to recline  
Sneak in your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds  
I ain't got that much time  
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind  
Since I'm only here for one night  
I got to get you hot and heated  
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It  
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out  
cause there's someone else who deserves my attention  
So all the homies round up in the lobby  
Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga  
It's check out time

*[Natasha Walker:]*

We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!

*[Kurupt:]*

Aiyyo man 'Pac, ay, where the where the fuck is Daz at man?  
This nigga locked up or somethin'?  
The only one not to leave  
Yo man, it's check out time, it's time to get out this mother  
(You seem them bitches?)  
We out man, fuck that shit  
Yo Rece! Yo nigga, whassup?

*[Big Syke:]*

Hey, I'm livin' the life of a boss playa  
The front desk callin' but I'm checkin' out later  
My behavior is crazy from what you did to me baby  
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me  
I'm puttin' in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed  
Carressin' your thoughts, cause I'm livin' fed, heard what I said?  
Passion is crashin' the room  
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom  
I'm blackin' out, you're yellin' out 'Big Syke Daddy'  
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way  
I'm lost in a dream and so it seemed, to be the night  
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight  
Out of sight from 'Pac and Kurupt  
As I get it up, once the doors close, you stuck  
In a heaty, sticky situation  
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation  
It's check out time

*[Natasha Walker:]*

We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!

*[Big Syke:]*

Ay, it's check out time

Ay Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin', where my shoes go, nigga?  
Where my motherfuckin' drawers and shit at man?  
Man, y'all niggas was in here partyin' too fuckin' much  
What the fuck y'all doin', nigga?  
Kurupt, go tell Daz, man, and Bogart and the rest of them niggas  
C'mon man, niggas is trippin' man  
Front desk all callin' me, tellin' me to get the hell outta here, man  
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred

*[Natasha Walker:]*

We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!  
We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go! Oooo!  
We gotta, go!  
We, hey!  
We! We gotta go! Haaa!  
We gotta, go! Haa!

Thanks to Darryle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Ratha Be Ya Nigga"

(feat. Richie Rich, Stacey Smallie)

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]

'Pac

(Hey)

What's happening

(Not motherfucking double R, Richie baby)

What's happening baby, you know how we do it

(Yeah nigga, you know I'm up out this bitch)

(It's time for me to uh regulate)

Fo' sho', hey

(Observe)

And you ain't going back?

(Nah nah nah, we got to show these motherfuckers whassup though)

This is for the honeys, the superstar

(I don't want to be her man, I want to be her nigga)

(You feel me?)

Well let 'em know

[2Pac:]

You fucking with niggas that's insecure

Watered down, my shit is pure

Write down my number but don't call me 'til you sure

I ain't begging just trying to relocate between your legs

Dripping wet, as we experiment in sweaty sex

When you met me you wouldn't let me, and now

You straight begging to sex me got you undressing to test me and uh.

[Richie Rich:]

Shut me down if you want, and miss the chance to do it live

When I stroll by, I see that look in yo' eye

You want a nigga, but think that you can't have a nigga

Don't cheat yourself, instead treat yourself

If you scared, go to church, I know it hurts

To find out me and your man be sharing skirts

[2Pac:]

I'm hoping you don't take this the wrong way

But your body is banging, got me attracted in a strong way

After a long day of trying to make my songs pay

Making love all day against the wall in the hallway

Your fantasies come alive, your heart rate

Shall increase when we meet up in this dark place

You might think you're happy with him

But that's a lie, so give this Thug a try

I'd rather be ya nigga

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A

So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day

It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a Thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right  
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
(Cause) These busters ain't loving you right

*[2Pac:]*

Look, now you was sprung from the introduction  
My conversation's full of game yet laced with seductions  
I see you blushing like you want something, come get a taste  
Of Amerikaz Most Wanted and let's get into some touching, erotic fuckin'  
My up and down with no interruptions  
Have no intentions of busting until you learn your lesson  
Now many questions are often asked, a drop top, 500 Benz  
And plenty cash, to help a nigga get the ass

*[Richie Rich:]*

You can ride out with spoke coke, to get your lobster and crab  
Cause all I got is conversation and a gang of stab  
And I'ma listen when it hurts, I'ma hang out but never stay  
Smoke blunts but leave them stunts up to Super Dave  
I'll be your nigga, as long as we can understand  
That I's the nigga and spoke coke can be the man  
He wine and dine, but me and you we whine and grind  
And when I'm on the field keep you on the sidelines

*[2Pac:]*

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
Them busters ain't loving you right  
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A  
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day  
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life  
Them busters ain't loving you right

*[2Pac:]*

Now it's time for the moment of truth, I got you naked  
Totally sweating, let's see how hot I can make it  
Tongue kissing 'til yo' head swang  
I'm so into you, witness a nigga make the bed bang  
If it's all mine, then let me know  
Now scream my name out; do you want it fast or shall I hit it slow?  
Not to mention, the multiple positions I inflict  
A boss player, freaky motherfucker, can I dig?

*[Richie Rich (2Pac):]*

It's on and popping, now you see what I was seeing  
Why your eyes rolling? Loosen up, girl, I ain't going  
Nowhere, let's let that sucker stay out there  
While he's stressed out and knock I stretch out the cock  
Hold the boots, and let a nigga execute  
And though you got it right, I'm going home tonight  
(You say you don't need a man, but I don't care)  
(You're in the presence of a player, I'd rather be ya nigga)

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A

So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day

It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right

So I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A

So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day

It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A

So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day

It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A

(I'd rather be yo' nigga)

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój, nottinmatterz\_2day for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "All Eyez On Me"

(feat. Big Syke)

[2Pac:]

Big Syke, Newt, Hank

Beugard, Big Sur

Y'all know how this shit go

All eyes on me

Motherfuckin' O.G

Roll up in the club and shit, is that right

All eyes on me

All eyes on me

But you know what?

[2Pac:]

I bet you got it twisted you don't know who to trust

So many playa hatin' niggas tryin' to sound like us

Say they ready for the funk, but I don't think they knowin'

Straight to the depths of hell is where those cowards goin'

Well are you still down nigga, holla when you see me

And let these devils be sorry for the day they finally freed me

I got a caravan of niggas every time we ride

Hittin' motherfuckers up when we pass by

Until I die; live the life of a boss playa

Cause even when I'm high, fuck with me and get crossed later

The futures in my eyes, cause all I want is cash and thangs

A five-double-oh Benz flauntin' flashy rings, uh

Bitches pursue me like a dream

Been know to disappear before your eyes just like a dope fiend

It seems, my main thing was to be major paid

The game sharper than a motherfuckin' razor blade

Say money bring bitches, bitches bring lies

One nigga's gettin' jealous, and motherfuckers die

Depend on me like the first and fifteenth

They might hold me for a second, but these punks won't get me

We got four niggas, in low riders, and ski masks

Screamin' THUG LIFE every time they pass - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die

Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

All eyes on me

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die

Live the life of a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

[Big Syke:]

Hey, to my nigga 'Pac

So much trouble in the world, nigga

Can nobody feel your pain

The world's changin' everyday, time's movin' fast

My girl said I need a raise, how long will she last

I'm caught between my woman, and my pistol, and my chips

Triple beam, got some smokers on, whistle as I dip  
I'm lost in the land with no plan, livin' life flawless  
Crime boss, contraband, let me toss this  
Needy hookers got a lot of nerve, let my bucket swerve  
I'm takin' off from the curb  
The nervousness neglect make me pack a tech  
Devoted to servin' this, Moet and pay checks  
Like Akai satellite nigga I'm forever ballin'  
It ain't right parasites triggers and fleas crawlin'  
Sucker duck and get busted, no emotion  
My devotion is handlin' my business, nigga, keep on coastin'  
Where you goin' I been there, came back as lonely homie  
Steady flowin' against the grain, niggas still don't know me  
It's about the money in this rap shit, this crap shit  
It ain't funny niggas don't even know how to act, shit  
What can I do, what can I say, is there another way  
Blunts and gin all day, twenty-fo' parlay  
My little homie G, can't you see, I'm busta-free  
Niggas can't stand me - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high  
All eyes on me  
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

[2Pac:]

The feds is watchin', niggas plottin' to get me  
Will I survive, will I die, come on let's picture the possibility  
Givin' me charges, lawyers makin' a grip  
I told the judge I was raised wrong, and that's why I blaze shit  
Was hyper as a kid, cold as a teenager  
On my mobile callin' big shots on the scene major  
Packin' hundreds in my drawers; fuck the law  
Bitches I fuck with a passion, I'm livin' rough and raw  
Catchin' cases at a fast rate, ballin' in the fast lane  
Hustle 'til the mornin', never stopped until the cash came  
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die  
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high  
These niggas got me tossin' shit  
I put the top down, now it's time to floss my shit  
Keep your head up, nigga, make these motherfuckers suffer  
Up in the Benz, burnin' rubber  
The money is mandatory, the hoes is for the stress  
This criminal lifestyle, equipped with the bulletproof vest  
Make sure your eyes is on the mill ticket  
Get your money, motherfucker, let's get rich and we'll kick it  
All eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high  
All eyes on me  
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die  
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

All eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Pay attention my niggas

See how that shit go

Nigga, walk up in this, motherfucker

And it be like, bing

Cops, bitches, everymotherfuckingbody

Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

I got bustas, hoes and police watchin' a nigga, y'know

I live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Livin' life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

Hehehe... it's like what they think

I'm walkin' around with some Ki's in my pocket or somethin'

They think I'm goin' back to jail, they really on that dope

Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Live my life as a boss playa

I know y'all watchin', I know y'all got me in the scopes

Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die

Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

I know y'all know this is Thug Life baayy-bay

Y'all got me under surveillance, huh

All eyes on me, but I'm knowin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Pennington James P

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Run Tha Streetz"

(feat. Mutah, Storm, Michel'le)

*[Michel'le:]*

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

*[2Pac:]*

Hey yo, Storm, honestly I think

I can fuck with a motherfucker like you

See, I don't like a motherfucker that be all on me and shit

All up under a nigga, tellin' me where I can go

Can she go with me? When I'm comin' home?

And all that ol' crazy shit, type of life I live

Now peep it, here go the secret on how to keep a playa

Some love makin' and homecookin', I'll see you later

It don't take a lot to keep a nigga heart

Must be a lady in the light but real freaky in the dark

Plus I got some enemies, baby, hold my pistol

And wrap your arms around a nigga every time I kiss you

Can you visualize the picture: me and you in ecstasy?

Don't be upset, it's good sex, when you next to me

Do you wanna test me, put your tired head on my chest?

A thug nigga's in the house, now you can rest

I bet'cha never screamed a nigga's whole name out

And felt the pleasure and the pain

'Bout to fuck the very taste out your mouth

You can call me when you need me

1-800-SKYPAGE, when you wanna see me

'Cause I can be your man and, baby, you can be my lady

But you gotta give a nigga space or you'll drive me crazy

Run the streets

*[Michel'le:]*

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

You can run the streets with your thugs

I'll be waitin' for you

Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

*[Storm:]*

Yo 'Pac, you know I'm 16 strong behind you boo

But I gotta do what I gotta do

I gotta run the streets, you know

I ain't no "clean up woman" type of ho

You know

Now me and you is cool, but I ain't the one to play the fool  
Can't make no money in bed, so ain't no future fuckin' you  
I ain't the bitch that love ya, can't do a damn thang for you  
If you ain't about money, nine outta ten I'll ignore you  
It's a man's world, but real women make the shit go 'round  
Disrespect and I clown the type of bitch to throw down  
Throw up the block 'cause nothin' stops my chips  
A boss playa with this, that twist you lame tricks  
Holla if you understand my plan, ladies, fuck havin' babies  
By them shady-ass niggas, swearin' he can save me  
My strategy's official, checkin' ya pockets while I tongue kiss you  
Soft as tissue, so my next issue is how to diss you  
They call me Storm, from the day I was born  
I've been known to break the coldest mothafucka 'til his heart's warm  
I ain't never been the type to wait at home alone  
Just 'cause we bone don't mean you own me, nigga, I'm grown

*[Michel'le:]*

You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

*[2Pac:]*

Hahahaha, yeah nigga  
Let a nigga hang out with the homies, you know, baby  
Ay, a nigga that hang out more will come home and love you better—you feel me, sweetheart? Let that nigga be free!  
Don't have that nigga all up under you!  
Let him run with his niggas!  
Let the nigga run the street, boo, let him run the streets!

*[Mutah:]*

I'd rather run the streets then make some mail  
And put the game down tight  
For these gamin' bitches could get it right  
It might be yo' plan that I'm choosin'  
Don't get it confusion  
Because I'm known for showin' examples how I do it  
Thinkin' I'm new to this because I'm younger  
Why only leave you suspicious and I wonder  
And at the end I'll make a come up  
Nigga, was raised up off of M.O.B  
Fetti over somethin' that's tellin' me don't run the streets

*[2Pac:]*

So tell me, am I wrong  
For tryin' to communicate through a song?  
I'm up early in the morning, by sunrise I'll be gone  
All my homies is waitin' for me  
Plottin' on plans that we made and all the fun that it's gonna be  
So meet me at 3' and don't be late, nigga  
We hangin' out all night while drinkin' straight liquor

I heard it's poppin' at a club  
But they say I can't get in 'cause I'm dressed like a thug  
Until I die I'll be gang related  
Got me strivin' for a million, stayin' motivated  
Now that we made it, it's a battle just for the big money  
I'm livin' wild, no smiles, 'cause ain't a thing funny  
I came up hungry, just a lil nigga tryna make it  
I only got one chance so I gotta take it  
You never know when it's all gonna happen  
The rappin' or the drugs  
But until then give me love and let me run the streets

*[Michel'le:]*

You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

*[2Pac:]*

Let a nigga run the streets, boo  
Page me, hahah, I'll call you back  
Just let me hang with my niggas  
Why you actin' like that Michel'le, ha?  
You know nigga wanna kick it with his homeboys and shit  
I told you I was comin' back later on, right?  
So you don't believe a nigga?  
Just cook for a nigga, pleaaase!  
Make some of that shit you made last meal  
Some of them ribs and shit  
I'll be back through later tonight, I'm havin' some weed  
We finna drink some Hennessy and some Alize  
We finna eat that foods, smoke a lil blunt  
Lay up in the bed, watch umm... Jay Leno or somethin'  
Then after that? Shit, we could do whatever comes to mind, baby  
Just let a nigga run with the homies  
Let me go kick it with my niggas  
When I come back, I be all yours, for real

*[Michel'le:]*

You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'  
You can run the streets with your thugs  
I'll be waitin' for you  
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich, E-40)

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

(They say)

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'

Where I can pile up my chips

And niggas call me a timer

(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')

Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

(That's right, that's right boy, start that shit off)

[2Pac:]

I heard a rumor I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized

Pictures of me in my final stage, you know mama cried

But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted

Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'

Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find

Where I spend most of my time, my California grind

Watchin' for thievin', I'm cautious, it's like I'm barely breathin'

Puttin' a bullet in motherfuckers, give me a reason

See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded

You tried to play me, now homicide is my only payment

I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead

Why the fuck you cowards be runnin', too scared to fight a G?

For the life of me, I cannot see

How motherfuckers picture livin' life after a night of fuckin' around with me

And if you don't like this rhyme

Then bring your big bad ass to California, 'cause we ain't hard to find

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'

Where I can pile up my chips

And niggas call me a timer

(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')

Motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[C-Bo:]

I got my locs on, hard hat, goin' to war

Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights

Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap out my drawers

And get to dumpin' on they ass like the last outlaw

Rich, 2Pac and The Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips

With enough shit to raise your block in one dip

We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt

And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick

[B-Legit:]

I'm fully automatic, full of static and shit

Movin' Dodge van, fifty rounds in the clip

I'm ridin' shotgun with the tint in the back

I'm plan to have a motherfuckin' mint in this rap

I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O  
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know  
I got blow, speed, and weed, whatever yo' kind  
And if you need a motherfucker, I ain't hard to find

*[D-Shot:]*  
Some may call me bootsy, but I call it timin'  
That's while I keeps on grindin' (that's right)  
to the point where a nigga can't stop  
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch  
Whether it's a nigga or a ho, a ho  
get in my way, then that ass gots to go  
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'  
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'

*[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]*  
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'  
Where I can pile up my chips  
And niggas call me a timer  
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')  
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

*[(2Pac), E-40:]*  
(C-Bo, D-Shot, E-40, Richie Rich)  
Da Bay, beitch!  
  
*[E-40:]*  
Down the steps  
Abandoned broken down apartment complex  
Heavy metal weapons they carry, can't be scary  
Playboy, what the fuck is a proof without the trauma plate?  
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for if you gon' hesitate?  
Best shake and bake all those I-was-finst-to-ask niggas  
Motherfuckers-didn't-think-I was-gon'-do-somethin'-ass niggas  
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him  
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him, have at him

*[Richie Rich:]*  
(Check this out)  
I grew up with that nigga  
Threw up with that nigga  
I hear he tryin' to ride  
Double agent for the other side  
But now, my Glock be so judgmental  
Back seat of a rental  
Keep my name out your dental, nigga  
If your gum bleedin' and you needin'  
More than twenty stitches, you behaved like them bitches  
Sideways to the next  
Heavy in the game  
Check the resident, it's all the same  
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find

*[Ad-libs — 2Pac, C-BO & E-40:]*  
*[2Pac:]* Hell nah we ain't hard to find  
*[C-Bo:]* The whole Clickalation fool

[E-40:] Motherfuckers hard to find, right here bitch

[2Pac:] Why them niggas actin' like they can't find us? Like they can't see us and like we don't be at the same spots they be at?

[D-Shot:] It's the same congregation. Young Pac is back, youknowwhatimean?

[C-Bo:] Nigga be lookin' all the way when he see you and shit

[D-Shot:] It's a celebration

[E-40:] Motherfuckers better understand this shit

[D-Shot:] Young 'Pac is back

[2Pac:] Ay D-Shot, nigga, can we get paid man?

Can we just go there and sock this shit up, please?

[D-Shot:] Hey, we smokin', and we ain't hard to find

[2Pac:] Drinkin' and shit, fuckin' with some Hurricane

[E-40:] A motherfucker's gonna get his marbles regardless, playboy

[2Pac:] You supposed to

[Rich:] Sideways to the next light, and to the next coast, poppin' the muthafuckin' most, you understand what I'm sayin'

[2Pac:] Money over bitches, nigga, M.O.B., M.O.B.

Thanks to Postmaster for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stevens Earl T, Shaw Thomas, Thomas Ricardo, Mosley Michael, Jones Brent, Stevens Danell

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Heaven Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Heaven ain't hard to find  
All you gotta do is look

Simply because you nervous, let me start off with my conversation  
Hopin' my information, alleviates the hesitation  
I can see it clearly now  
Catch you smilin' through your frown  
I'm askin' baby boo are you down  
Although I know you've heard about my reputation  
Across the nation, Mr. I-Get-Around  
My temptation got me drippin' wet, perspiration  
I'm activated by the moves you're makin'  
Baby why you fakin'? Strip naked get to love makin'  
See it's all in your mind, so every time I sip a glass of wine  
I fantasize 'til that ass is mine  
Never gettin' but wantin', never touchin' but wishin'  
A straight thug on a mission, until I get what I'm missin'  
Stop with the beeper, baby, listen  
I know you're grown but pay attention  
Let me hypnotize with my tongue kissin'  
This is a message to bomb bodies and all dimes  
Turn around one more time, heaven ain't hard to find

[*Danny Boy (2Pac):*]

Hea-ven!

(Heaven ain't hard to find)

Heaven ain't hard to find

Heaven ain't hard to find  
In fact you can have it just have faith  
Just like a little kid, still believin' in magic  
It takes a lot of sacrifice  
With all the lonely nights on tour  
I need somebody I can trust in my life  
Let me apply the brakes  
Baby, you're movin' to fast  
My conversations are gettin' deeper, but first let me ask  
Are you afraid of a thug?  
And have you ever made love  
With candles and bubbles sippin' in your tub?  
Touch me and let me activate your blood pressure  
This thug passion help the average man love better  
Picture me naked and glistenin' beneath the moonlight mist  
Take a shot of that Alizé, come give me a kiss  
And maybe we can be better friends, perhaps we'll be closer  
I'll be the thug in your life, baby, and you'll be my soldier  
And I know it takes some time and you got a lot of questions on your mind  
But relax, in due time  
Heaven Ain't Hard to Find

*[Danny Boy (2Pac):]*

Hea-ven!

(Heaven ain't hard to find)

Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find

You think we all dogs, that's why you cautious when I approached you

Been talkin' since you arrived, but not a word is spoken

Through my eye contact I wink and you respond back

Lookin' mean, what's all that?

It's like the closer you get

Baby, the quicker I'm speakin'

I got a flight out to Cabo

Let's kick it this weekend

I'm sippin' Hennessy and Coke

Though addicted to weed smoke

I'm fiendin' for your body even mo'

Oh God, help me, identify me truest thoughts

Your hidden motives full of passion

Who would have thought?

Come holler at me baby, love me for my thug nature

Far from a playa hater, label me a money maker,

Straight heart breaker

Baby we can be friends, I can soup you in my Benz

We'll ride, I'll let you floss it for your friends

Once we begin

Until the end, it gets better with time

I'm makin' love to your mind, baby

Heaven ain't hard to find

*[Danny Boy (2Pac):]*

Hea-ven! Hea-ven, it ain't hard to find)

(Heaven ain't hard to find)

(Heaven ain't hard to find nice glass of Alize)

Hea-ven! Hea-ven! Hea-ven. Heaven

Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find

Hea-ven! Heaven

It ain't hard to find

It ain't hard to find

It ain't hard to find

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jones Quincy D